Happiness is a Butterfly

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Happiness is a Butterfly

by CunningBoy

Summary

After finding out that he is pregnant Will decides to escape a marriage where he no longer feels loved.

In a new country he bumps into someone who looks familiar, Hannibal's younger brother, Nigel.

Meanwhile Hannibal is left desperately trying to find his mate and hoping that he can rectify his mistakes.

Notes

Woo new fic!!!

Just to preface, so nobody gets caught off guard, this will be end with Will dating both Hannibal & Nigel, who are related. Hannibal and Nigel hold no romantic or sexual feelings for each other, they're just dating the same person. If that icks you out, then please turn away now.

Also there is NO CHEATING

Hannibal does NOT cheat, and he DOES love Will, there's just a lot of misunderstanding.

See the end of the work for more notes

The party was dull, as they always were.

In the beginning they weren't too bad. Him and Hannibal never left each other's sides, sharing smiles and small comments.

Now though he simply stood in the corner watching everyone surround his husband. Watching his husband give everyone attention except him.

He couldn't even have a drink, having given it up when he moved in with Hannibal, promising sobriety. It wasn't becoming an omega to drink anyway. It was lucky in a way, as it meant that when he found out he was pregnant, several nights before, he didn't have to worry about if he'd drank.

He was planning on telling Hannibal after the party.

He hadn't even been invited, not really.

Hannibal had stopped inviting him to these things ages ago, citing it was because 'he knew Will didn't like them'. This time however, when Hannibal mentioned that he was going to a gala at the art museum, Will had invited himself along.

He knew Hannibal was shocked by it, but he'd hoped that it would maybe spark something again, remind them both of how it used to be. Hoped they'd go home arm in arm, and Will would tell Hannibal he was pregnant and things would go back to how they used to be.

He was clearly wrong.

"Hello,"

Will looked up and gave a stiff smile to the man that had approached him, "Hi."

"Lovely party, isn't it?"

Will hummed in response, "Yes."

The man smiled, seemingly not put off by Will's disinterest in conversing.

"I'm James Mackwell," the man, James, offered a hand out to shake.

"Will," Will replied, shaking his hand.

"So, what brings you here?"

"My husband," responded Will.

"Ah, I should have guessed," laughed James. "A gorgeous man like you, well it's no wonder you're married."

Will smiled awkwardly, and looked out at the group of people.

“So,” continued James, clearly not getting the memo that Will was not interested in talking, “Which one is yours?”

“Hannibal Lecter.”

James visibly balked at that, looking from Will - an awkward omega hiding in the corner - to Hannibal - practically glowing under the attention as he charmed those around him.

“Wow,” he laughed awkwardly, “never would’ve known.”

Will shot him an indignant look, to which the man spluttered and backtracked.

“I just meant that he’s so social-”

“And I’m not?” Interrupted Will.

“Well…” smiled James awkwardly, “you just don’t seem all that excited to be here. Though I suppose it would make sense you’d have to come if you’re married to Dr. Lecter. I was more surprised as I haven’t seen you before. How recently were you married?”

“2 years.”

“Ah.” His lack of response spoke words and Will found himself bristing, irritated.

“What?”

“Hm?”

“Don’t play stupid, you clearly have something to say about my marriage.”

James put his hands up in mock surrender. “I didn’t mean to offend,” He laughed again awkwardly, “just that if I was married to someone as brilliant as you I’d definitely want people to know.”

“How would you know I’m brilliant?”

James flushed. “I used to follow your work, your lectures I mean, and what you published. ‘Morality, self servitude and survival’ was brilliant.”

Will shifted, feeling uncomfortable with the praise. “Thanks.”

“Of course.”

They lapsed into an awkward silence before James bid farewell and fled.

Will finished his drink and got himself another, wishing it was alcoholic, before he was accosted again.

“Will.”

Will groaned. “Hello Bedelia, how are you?”

She smiled and sipped her wine, “better than you, I’m sure.”

“And why’s that?” Will replied blandly, wishing for anything he hadn’t decided to go to this party.

“Well, I’m happily married for one.”

“And I’m not?”

“Married, yes. Happily?” Bedelia hummed and gave Will a wry smile.

“I’m not in the mood Bedelia.”

“Everything alright at home?” She asked, clearly mocking.

“Fuck off Bedelia.”

She tutted, “Language.” She still didn’t leave, taking a long drink from her wine. “I would have thought a profiler as talented as you would see what is so clear in front of you.”

“And what is that?” Hissed out Will.

Bedelia turned to him, the usual judgemental gleam in her eye and made way for something worse: pity. “Hannibal Lecter loves interesting things. He loves the unpredictable. I, and many others, have been the victim of Hannibal Lecter’s interest. The only difference between me and you is I wasn’t dumb enough to marry him.” With that she walked off before Will could retort, leaving him feeling raw and angry.

He left the gala quickly, and nobody, not even Hannibal noticed. He didn’t message Hannibal to let him know he left. He didn’t receive a message asking where he was. He wouldn't be surprised if Hannibal hadn’t even noticed.

Will could force himself to stay in a loveless and sexless marriage. He could go to bed every night alone and wake up alone and not question it in the morning.

He could smile at Hannibal's dinner parties and act like nothing was fine, laugh it off when people were shocked to find out Hannibal had a husband, as if they hadn't been married for 2 years and together for 5.

He could thank Hannibal for not 'forcing him' to go out to the opera or to a gala or to any other fancy event and play along that the only reason Hannibal didn't bring him was because Will wouldn't want to go.

He could pretend everything was okay.

But he could not and would not bring a child into a marriage like this. Into a house where their parents barely interacted beyond two meals a day.

So that night - another night where Hannibal was missing - he decided to leave.

First thing he did was shave. His stubble, then his legs and underarms. He never shaved for Hannibal and Hannibal never asked him to. He knew Will didn't like it. Hence why he was now staring at himself in the mirror feeling bare. He didn't want to be the person Hannibal had fallen out of love with.

He strode into the bedroom naked, and grabbed his old work bag, a brown messenger bag. It wasn't big but he didn't need it to be.

He didn't pack clothes, he would buy some later but he did pack the few things he'd brought when he moved in: his dads jacket, a photo album, his wallet, and his passport. He didn't plan on taking his phone, nor anything that Hannibal could say was his. He didn't want Hannibal to chase him down only to get his things back.

He had barely touched his bank since he moved in with Hannibal 5 years ago as Hannibal prefered to buy everything and Will let him. Gave up his dogs, his house, even gave up his job once he got married.

Sometimes it felt like somewhere along the way he gave up his identity. Piece by piece, little by little until he was nothing but a shell of himself. An omega housewife with no thoughts or feelings.

He stared at their bed and ached.

It hadn't always been like this. When they met Will had felt whisked away.

They met through Alana at a workplace gala. Will hadn't wanted to be there but he'd promised Beverly to go with her platonically as her and her girlfriend had broken up a week before.

He couldn't remember the last time he spoke to Beverly.

Alana had introduced Will to Hannibal and it was exciting. Hannibal was interested and Will wasn't but it was different than the other knothead alphas who wouldn't take no for an answer. Or at least it seemed that way.

Hannibal was respectful and friendly and he seemed to really get Will. They were friends before Will finally asked Hannibal out. Hannibal agreed but only if he got to cook.

Will smiled slightly, remembering when they would chat over dinner, when they'd make each other laugh. When they'd stay up well into the night just talking.

Hannibal used to hang onto his every word. He made Will feel like he was the only person who mattered. Beverly once said that when they were together it was like they were the only people in the room.

4 years later she said it seemed like Hannibal didn't care about Will anymore and Will had snapped something cruel and stormed off.

His smile had fallen as he realized those good memories would only ever be memories again.

He took his ring off, stared at it a moment with tears in his eyes, and then placed it on his bedside table.

He got dressed in old clothes, the stuff he hadn't worn in years.

He sat and waited till the clock hit 5am to call a taxi. Hannibal still wasn't home. When he was notified it arrived he got up and carried his bag down the stairs and out the house.

He locked the door on the way out and posted the key through the letter box so he wouldn't be tempted to change his mind and go back inside. He got into the taxi.

He ached.

He sat in the back of the taxi and stared out the window as it drove him to a waffle house, his hands under his legs so he wouldn't be tempted to stare at his ringless finger or, god forbid, touch his bonding mark on his neck.

He had to do this. Not for him, but for the baby that was growing inside him.

He thanked the driver and tipped him.

Inside he ordered pancakes and iced tea. He barely touched either as he sat and waited. An hour passed before he paid and then asked a waitress to call him another taxi to a shopping mall.

The place was only just opening once he arrived, which worked well for him as it meant it was quiet.

First thing he did was head to the nearest cash point and take out as much cash as he felt he could carry with him. He then bought a new phone which he could top up when needed rather than being on a contract.

Next he went into a hair salon and asked them to style his hair and put in extensions. He would’ve gotten it bleached but he didn’t want to risk the baby. From there he bought new clothes, the type marketed towards omegas and women.

Will had always been more masculine, trying to grow a beard out and wearing mens clothes. His pops always said he never acted like a 'proper omega'. God forbid he could see him now, running off from his mated alpha and pregnant.

He stared at himself in the dressing room mirror, having asked to go change after paying.

He didn't recognise himself.

Part of him didn't want to see Hannibal ever again, but part of him wanted a consolation that if he didn't it was because Will was too hard to track, that he would be unrecognizable not because Hannibal didn't look for him.

He stared at himself feeling disconnected and placed a hand on his still flat stomach, grounding himself.

He was doing this for the baby.

The baby deserved better than a cheating father and a shell of a mother.

Will Graham walked into a shopping mall in a plaid shirt, worn jeans and a jacket, carrying nothing but a single bag.

A young lady with long brown hair left wearing a knee length blue dress and carrying multiple shopping bags.

Nobody, not even Hannibal Lecter, would have assumed they were one and the same.

From there he went to the airport, walked in and stared at the board of flights. Bought a suitcase and packed his new things in it. Stared at the board of fights some more.

He hadn't booked in advance - less of a paper trail that way - which put him at a disadvantage already to where he could go, as many flights were full.

He wanted to go to Europe but not France or Italy, nowhere that would remind him of Hannibal. England was the obvious choice, which ruled that out too.

Spain seemed like a safe bet.

He knew some Spanish, was far from fluent but growing up in the south meant he knew the basics. Enough to get by until he became more fluent.

There was a flight departing in an hour.

Luckily it wasn't full. He booked a seat and thanked the woman.

An hour later he was on a flight leaving America. Leaving home. Leaving his mate.

He put a hand on his stomach and resisted touching his bond mark.

Chewing his lip Will questioned if he was doing the right thing, but it was too late to back out now.

End Notes

Next chapter, we meet Nigel!!!

Also probably Hannibals reaction to finding out that he fucked up big time and that his love, his life, his soulmate has ran away.

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